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OVER THE SEA.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY NELLIE A. WANN.

Ten years ago in the breezy June,
My sailor boy stood with me,
In the quiet hush of this moonlit room,
Looking out o'er the gleaming sea.

Ten years ago he pressed my hand,
And clasped me close to his breast;
Ten years, and again do I stand
Feeling out thro' the shadowy west.

For a glimpse of his ship's white sails to see,
For the gleam of my sailor boy's eye,
For the ship with its joyful freight for me,
But nothing but misty air.

Looking through tears, and day after day
Noble ship ride over the main,
I see them sail on the blue sea,
But my sailor boy comes not again.

O, tell me, sailor, fighting on the deep sea,
Glad thou see the gleam of his brow?
As thro' his dark locks the winds wander free,
O! where is my sailor boy now?

Does he lie 'neath thy morning waves so deep?
Or does he wear the whirling sea,
As by thy blue waves my love watch I keep,
Will my sailor return unto me?

Mindon, Wis.

THE WHITE SLAVE.

A Tale of the Mexican Revolution.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY EMERSON BENNETT.

AUTHOR OF "ANDER'S REID," "PRINCE OF THE FOREST," "PRINCE FLOWER," "CLARA MORLAND," "A FORGOTTEN WILL," ETC.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1866, by Emerson Bennett, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, in and for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER VI.

IN THE CITY OF MEXICO.

Orange Villa, as Mr. Prescott had christened his lovely retreat, possessed a small table of ivory, on one of the legs of which I have before mentioned an evocative picture of the city; but the dwelling stood back about central way of this level, and the house and its grounds, on all sides, so completely surrounded it, that a distant prospect could only be had by ascending to the roof, or going forward about a hundred rods, to where the hills, a more abrupt descent to the town, and the bay. Here he had built an arched, over which, raised, and flowers, and a kind of long, fine, silver moon, and in each such profusion as to radiate the hot rays of a tropical sun, and under the place dark and cool, and in the light and heat of mid-day.

On, passing the thick and sweet-scented foliage, I looked upon a bright sheet of turquoise water, which, glimmered in the light of the declining sun like an immense plate of burnished steel. Some half-a-dozen vessels, here and there, were quietly riding at anchor, not far from the shore; their tapering spars so clearly reflected in the glassy sheet below, that one could not readily separate the shadow from the substance—while some three or four small boats were riding near the shore, their steadily dipping oars, under the light of the sun, and the small, bold, headlands marked on the coast and faded out into the distance, while, far away over the bright waters, could faintly be discerned the blue hills of Mexico.

Nearer, almost directly below us, situated on the level land, was the capital of Haiti, the city of Port-au-Prince, with its quadrangular streets, and white, wooden, buildings, the lofty palace, with the Champ de Mars in the rear—the Cathedral, from which had floated up to the silent strains of music as I lay in my dreamy, mystic state, not knowing of which world I was an inhabitant—the Mint, the Courts, the Levee, the Market, the Hotel, and the two landward fortresses, Fort Baker and Alexandre—each presenting a salient point in the view—and all together forming one of those pictures of nature which make an indelible impression upon the locality of the mind.

But aside from the first pleasing view which the town presented, it really was the building life of our Northern cities. The aspect of a tropical climate seemed to reign supreme over all the marks of man. But few pictures were striking in the streets, and those moved as if with a fatalistic power, while, everywhere, wherever attention could be given, the scene of a dwelling—here and there were the ruins of a dwelling—nothing like the other could reach. Reached upon the adjoining hill, near the town, were a few pretty cottages, peeping out from the green foliage which was every where so abundant, while the edifice, standing

more boldly to the view, presented its lofty colonnade with something like architectural grandeur.

"Have you pleasant neighbors?" I inquired of my fair companion; "because, if not, notwithstanding the loveliness of this balmy climate, I think I should prefer my colder home of the North."

"We have pleasant neighbors indeed," she replied; "but they are mostly foreigners, residing in the cottages you see upon the hills. They mingle little with the natives, or real citizens—for they have a pride of caste, which will not permit them to consider a black or mulatto an equal, much less a superior, as some of the latter, by virtue of office, assume to be."

"Are you not a native of the island?" "I was born in Port-au-Prince, but my French parents: I have no African blood in my veins."

"Nay, Corine, do not construe my question into an insult."

"I do not understand you."

"Would it not be an insult for me to suppose you tainted with negro blood?"

"Oh, bless you, no—not in Haiti!"

"You are laughing at me?"

"Not at all. The laws of your country have been reversed here since the revolution—for whereas a black cannot be a citizen there, a white cannot be here."

"Is this true?"

"Too true, Mr. Laurence, and so you see we poor whites are the aliens. Do you see that small building just beyond the church, which stands alone, near the side of the hill, and looks as if going to decay?"

"I think it is."

"Well, in that dwelling, when the monster Desaulniers was in power, resided a Frenchman, an aristocrat, who was on terms of intimacy with the ruler, for some reason, assumed his claims to citizenship, and Desaulniers, bearing of it, ordered his aide-de-camp to put him to such a test as would prove him worthy of the honor. And what do you think that test was, Mr. Laurence?"

"I cannot guess."

"He and his friend, the Frenchman, were placed in a room together, and he was ordered to walk the latter to the heart, on pain of death and confiscation of his property?"

"Good heavens! And did he do it?"

"He did, and won the honor of citizenship. Oh, I could tell you such tales of horror as would freeze your blood! and yet stand here and point out the very source where the crimes were committed! But let us change the subject! Do you observe that splendid mansion on the hill opposite?"

"The one with the colonnade?"

"The same. Well, that is the private residence of General Pélissier, our President."

"And is he a monster too?"

"Oh, no! he has a very good reputation, comparatively speaking; and after his years, some of our whites have as good a chance of life as the blacks, which is saying much for Haiti. But no one is safe in a country where the intrigues of some ambitious aspirant may produce a revolution at any moment; and it is said that some Port-au-Prince was besieged by Christophe—or Henry I, as he is now styled."

"General Pélissier a negro?" I inquired.

"His father was a French jeweler, named Lefebvre—but his mother, I have been told, was of native blood. By-the-by, he has a very pretty daughter, and if you are ambitious, I would advise you to cultivate her acquaintance, and endeavor to form an alliance with one of our first families, as your countrymen say."

"And do you really advise me to this?" I said, looking at her steadily in the eye, and placing a marked emphasis on the proposition.

"Why not?" she replied, slightly changing color, and turning aside with a laugh. "He is a revision of the Constitution of Haiti, which has just been promulgated. General Pélissier is now elected President for life, with power to name his successor; and what more probable than that he would name a worthy successor?"

"I declare, how delightful it would be to go tripping down to the Palace, and say, 'Your Excellency, to my poor, devoted people!'"

"And then, you know, if you should happen to be married to one of my kind officers, I could advance him to the first post of honor," returned I, gratefully. "Upon no word, I rather like your plan, and if you are on terms of intimacy with M. Desaulniers, I beg you to use your delicate influence in my behalf, and press the affair to a speedy conclusion."

"In other words, do all the labor and let me reap the reward?" she rejoined, with a slight pout. "Really, sir, I confess I think you hold me in service too closely."

"Nay, if you succeed, you shall name your own price."

"Then you really wish to send me as Ambassador to the Court of Rome, with plenipotentiary powers?"

"Why, as you are deeply interested in my success, I know of no one I could better trust."

"And so you will attempt to make love by proxy?"

"Oh, no! if there is any love to be made, I will attend to that in person—I could not think of entrusting so important a matter to a deputy."

"Considering your extreme bashfulness, who can blame you?" she replied, with a meaning smile, that again brought the blood to my face.

"I see you know my secret," returned I, "for which, I suppose, I may thank my friend Forbes."

"Nay, rather than the secret, which so disturbed your equilibrium as to cause you to come continually to the fountain!" she laughed. "Dear me! how could she treat you so?"

"Like all of her sex," said I, "she angled for a goldfish."

"And having caught a goldfish, she threw him back into his native element?" rejoined my companion, with a merry peal of laughter—in which, however, permit me to observe, confidentially, I took no active part. "Now is it really true," she continued, mischievously, "that you do know how to make love?"

"Suppose you put me to the test, and be your own judge?"

"With all my heart!" she laughed. "Come—begin now!"

"Certainly, with one proviso!"

"Name it!"

"That you will not think me in earnest!"

"It was her turn to blush now—but she quickly rejoined:

"And if I were to think you in earnest, it would only be to regret the time mispent and talents thrown away."

"Which makes a very pretty sentence, but I fear is not true, nevertheless!" said I. "How ever, as I believe, after what has passed, you will pretend to be the love-prover, even if you are not. I will begin. Know then, most lovely and adorable Corine, I continued, raising her hand, and speaking in a low, passionate tone, "that hitherto I have never been my good fortune to meet with one so every way calculated to make me happy!"

"While lying upon a bed of pain, racked by a burning fever, unconscious of the objective or external things of time, you came to me as a something sweet and holy from another world, and in your presence my troubled soul found rest, and I was happy!"

"And when, awaking to a knowledge of my condition, I looked into your sweet face and dark eyes, and knew you and myself to be mortal, I felt that strange thrill of rapture which assured me that we were born for each other! Yes, my dear Corine, in that never-to-be-forgotten moment I felt I loved you—from that moment—"

"I had provided thus far, and my fair companion, with face averted, was fairly trembling—though whether from suppressed laughter, or some serious emotion, I could not say—when suddenly, with a slight exclamation, she sprung away from me, dashed out of the arched doorway, and quickly disappeared in the surrounding shrubbery, leaving me not a little puzzled as to the cause of her flight, and if I might be permitted to judge from the peculiar tingling and burning of my face, looking not a little foolish."

"I was not long kept in doubt as to the cause of her abrupt departure—for on turning around, I perceived my friend, Corine, a few paces distant, leaning against the trunk of a tree, whose drooping foliage completely shaded his face."

"Supposing him to be secretly laughing at me, and that he would soon attack me with a whole battery of wit and a running fire of ridicule, I at once fortified myself for the assault, and advanced as quickly as I could to where he was standing; but the moment I got a fair view of his features, I started with surprise and alarm. His face was ghastly pale, his lips were white and quivering, there was a contraction of the brow and a contortion of the muscles, his eyes seemed to glare, his fingers worked convulsively, and there was a peculiar trembling of his whole frame. It was plain evidence that he was suffering great pain, either mental or physical, and I was no time in making it known."

"My dear friend," cried I, "what is the matter with you?"

"Nothing!" he gasped, clenching at his throat, as if suffocating.

The next moment he turned, with something like a groan, and dashed away like a madman, down the steep side of the hill. In my weak state I could not follow him, and to my regret he did not stop to let me make up my mind to follow him.

At this juncture Forbes joined me, and I hurriedly informed him of the mysterious conduct of M. Desaulniers. He seemed to take no notice of the communication, however, but uttered the ardent, and drew a long breath. I now observed, for the first time, that he was very pale, and apparently laboring under some unusual excitement.

"In Heaven's name," said I, "what is the matter with you and Corine?"

He did not reply to my question, but sat silent for about a minute, and then said abruptly:

"Nay, I congratulate you on your first appearance in the open air! Be prudent, and you will soon be able to follow me. I have just returned a letter from General M. Desaulniers, who has just been elected President for life, with power to name his successor; and what more probable than that he would name a worthy successor?"

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The last sentence seemed spoken rather to himself than me, and I inquired what he meant.

"Nay," he replied, with a grave, solemn look, "I regret to say that I have become involved in a quarrel with Captain Morano. You know I never liked him—a haughty, overbearing, Spanish knight. We met to-day in a French café—over a far table. He had been drinking, was in a very quarrelsome humor, and took occasion to insult me. I struck him—he challenged me—and we are to fight on the eve of our departure, in order that those concerned may escape any unpleasant consequences from the action of the Haitian officials. We are to meet on the beach, about half-a-mile from the town, with two friends apiece, a surgeon, and a boat in waiting. Maitland, who was with me at the time, arranged the preliminaries with a friend of Morano's, and I need not add that my other friend is yourself. Oh! I forgot to mention that our weapons are to be pistols—which, as the challenged party, I chose—and by which I hope to render my chance as good as his—though, as a swordsman, he is greatly my superior."

"My dear friend," said I, "I am very sorry to hear this."

"Well, Ned, it cannot be helped now. I would to Heaven, though, it were over! for so long an interval of suspense is very unpleasant, to say the least."

"Indeed, this is gloomy news!" returned I, with an air of depression of spirits. "And am this what so affected Maitland?"

"What do you mean?" he inquired, in a tone of surprise.

"If you have not heard anything I have been saying, perhaps I had better repeat it."

"I beg your pardon, Ned, for my abstraction, and please guilty of inattention."

"I am exceedingly sorry that I had told him concerning our mutual friend."

"It is very strange," he rejoined; "and I do not understand it. He has been with me all day, and though I know he regrets my quarrel, I have observed nothing unusual in his manner. On returning to the Villa, a few minutes since, we learned from Mrs. Prescott that you and Corine had gone out together, and we walked forth to find you, he in one direction and I in another. There must have been some powerful cause for his agitation, but I cannot guess what it was."

A new light suddenly broke in upon me.

"Ah! I have a solution of the enigma now!" said I, mentally. "Curry Maitland is in love with Corine Valiers; and, overbearing my usually passionate declaration of attachment, he has been to her."

"I saw nothing more of Corine that day, and Curry came in late, pale, indisposed, and retired for the night without exchanging a word with me. Why?"

Of these conjectures and speculations I said nothing to Forbes; and shortly after, in a silent, moody mood, we both returned to the dwelling. I saw nothing more of Corine that day, and Curry came in late, pale, indisposed, and retired for the night without exchanging a word with me. Why?

CHAPTER VII.

CLIMAX AND RESOLUTION.

From the date of the incidents recorded in the preceding chapter, several days passed away which are not pleasant in my memory. Each day I grew stronger, and could walk further with less fatigue; but each day I grew more gloomy, depressed, and discontented. The cause of this was the marked change in the demeanor of my friends. Where of late all had been bright and cheerful, there now seemed to rest a deep, heavy shadow. Forbes was no longer a gay, cheerful companion, but gloomy and abstruse. Maitland evidently wished to avoid me, and when we did meet, was formal and cold; and Corine no more came to me with her light step, brighter hair, merry laugh, and musical voice. I even fancied there was a change in the feelings of our kind host and hostess, and that the servants no longer regarded me as a favorite guest—though the state of my own feelings probably led my fancy into error in respect to any except the three first named.

I could account for the gloomy abstraction of Forbes, for I knew in what a serious light he viewed the prospective duel, whereby he might stand a fellow being to eternity, or be himself brought to an untimely end;—I could even find something like a reasonable excuse for the dignified reserve of one who possibly regarded me as a successful rival; but what was I to think of the marked change in the conduct of Corine, that she should no longer greet me with the cordial freedom of a friend? What had I done to disturb the natural flow of her buoyant spirits, that she should thus suddenly become so dignified and distant? I thought over all that had happened—all that had been spoken between us—but found nothing of which to accuse myself. Unlike Maitland, she had no reason to fancy what was not. She at least knew the cause of all that had been said, and the cruel weight which should be attached to it. She had fairly challenged me to make love to her in jest, and I had promptly done so in the same joking vein. Could it be she had thought me serious? But if so, even what could she have done for offense? and why, when she knew she

had a right to treat it as mere sport, should she presume to treat it as something serious? Was she annoyed and offended because we had overheard by one in whose esteem and affection she wished to hold a foremost place? Perhaps this was the true reason; I could find no other solution of the enigma; but then I wondered she did not see the matter in this light in her own merry way, and laugh it off as a capital joke.

At all events, let the cause be what it might, I no longer felt at home where I was; and I had pretty much resolved upon a change of quarters, when an incident occurred which served to bring about a true understanding of the whole affair, and make even warmer friends of those who had, through misapprehension become so seriously estranged.

One morning, while taking my accustomed walk along a broad, green avenue which crossed the charming grounds of the Villa, I espied Maitland, a little distance to the left, with his back turned toward a tree, his arms folded, his head bent forward, and his whole attitude one of extreme dejection.

My first impulse was to pass on—my second to address him—but, wavering between the two, I halted at a point where a cluster of acacias compassed the direct line between us and shut him from my view. While I debated with myself whether to summon him or not, I fancied I heard him speaking; and approaching the bushes, I parted them cautiously, and, to my surprise, beheld Corine by his side.

I was about to turn hastily back, that I might not be guilty of listening to a conversation not intended for my ear, when a few words of Maitland, spoken in a despairing tone, arrested my steps and held me spell-bound.

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✿ Keweenaw has petitioned the Pope to allow women to sing in Indian church choirs.

And there's, Kay scattering post the window,

